



Hey! Tel. SIDNEY TIBBLE look at Christine's first tooth

MRS. VERA TIBBLE and her seven-month-old daughter, Christine, were busy enjoying the freedom of Freedom Park, Mutley, Plymouth, when our photographer, who had been directed from 52 Alexander Road, Mutley, found Telegraphist Sidney Tibble's wife and baby taking their daily constitutional.

Although baby Christine is going through the painful stage of cutting her first tooth (it's the first of the top ones!), she was all smiles for the camera, and she cooed with delight when Mummy sat beside her to have a picture taken.

Vera wants to remind you, Sid, of the Scotch skirt she's wearing. When you were together in Scotland, she used her last coupons buying it.

Apart from that, Vera is looking around for a puppy-dog. It's a terrier she wants, which she hopes to train to accompany mother and child on those daily constitutionals in Freedom Park. Of course, she doesn't expect you to bring the dog home for her!

On the way down from Scotland, baby Christine was the ideal passenger—she slept all the way, only waking up when breaking journey in London before catching the connection for Plymouth.

Vera has had a letter from your brother Reg. in Jo'burg. He's doing fine, and is "raring" to get past that medical for flying duties.

Your two brothers-in-law, Leslie and Ronald, wrote from Sicily; all's well.

Both your wife and child were looking fine, Sid., and at 52 Alexander Road, where your photographs adorn every convenient place in the front room, Mrs. Jordan from upstairs is crazy about Christine, and is a good neighbour for your wife.

All send their love!

SHIP'S CAT'S KITTY



KIND people give us money to buy games, and we get together a store so that from time to time we can divvy-up on the kitty. But requests from individual submarines are always in perfect order—we'd much sooner people got what they wanted (as near as we can make it) than just get given dollops of what's going.

However, at the moment there seem to be a lot of Ludo, Tiddley-Winks, Snakes and Ladders, Draughts and Cribbage Boards about. If you want any of these you're a lot more likely to get them by asking us, or wherever your next base is, than by doing nothing. A Verb to Saps, that's called.

A GHOST WITH A HAMMER' He was the Champ of Champs

Continuing
THE GOLDEN
AGE OF
BOXING
By W. H. MILLIER

JIMMY WILDE was the greatest "little man" the ring has known. He was not a freak, but if that much-used word "genius" can be applied to boxing—and there does not appear to be any reason why it should not—then he was a genius of the ring.

He was tall for his weight, and he knew how to use his reach to the best advantage. You will say that a height of 5ft. 3½in. is not tall, but his weight was only 6st. 10lb. That is the poundage Wilde scaled when he was at his best, and you have to bear in mind that the lowest weight division is 8st., at which the fly-weight championship is fought.

Throughout the whole of his career Wilde never fought a man of his own weight. With fly-weights it is no small matter to concede two or three pounds in weight to a close rival, whereas it is fairly easy for a good heavy-weight to concede a stone or more.

Wilde was generally a stone lighter than his opponents, but he was so brilliant that he could well afford to do this. That, in itself, is sufficient to stamp him a champion of champions in his division, and during his career he met some really high-class fly-weights. It so happened that Wilde was champion in what we may term one of the vintage periods.

In the days when Wilde was battling his way from poverty and obscurity to fame and fortune, his fights took place in his native Wales, principally in the mining villages, where purses were small and where patrons demanded full value for their money. At that time Wales was a veritable hot-bed of budding champions between eight and nine stone, and to wade through them all, as Wilde did, meant something out of the ordinary.

Indeed, there was nothing ordinary about Wilde. In appearance he was as frail-looking as a specimen of humanity as it is possible to conceive.

GHOST WITH PUNCH.

He had astonishing speed and stamina, yet his pipe-stem arms at first sight looked too fragile to carry even the bulky boxing gloves, let alone batter an opponent into submission; but when he landed on an adversary's jaw it usually meant a long count for the recipient.

It was one of his victims who coined the phrase that summed up Wilde to perfection. When one of his friends asked what it was like to box this will o' the wisp with a sting that was not to be forgotten, he replied, "What's it like? It's like boxing a ghost with a hammer in his hand."

Before he became widely known, that is to say, became known outside his native Wales, Wilde was received with astonishment wherever he appeared for the first time. When he had his first fight in Liverpool, as soon as he entered the ring there were murmurs of disapproval, which grew to shouts of "Feed the poor little beggar," and the crowd showered pennies into the ring.

After an appeal for order had been made the contest started. Wilde must have been infuriated by the shouts of "Feed the poor little beggar." He waded into his opponent to such effect that before the third round had gone far the fight had to be stopped to save the youngster from being slaughtered.

I shall never forget the impression made by Wilde on his first appearance in the ring at the National Sporting Club. It was certainly unprecedented. His opponent was a French boy named Eugene Husson. This youngster had shown good form in France, and his backers thought they would pick up some easy money in England with him.

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Peggy Bettinson was always ready to stage a match on which the connections of the two men had wagered their money. It did not matter if it only amounted to £5 a side; if it was a money match it never failed to appeal to Peggy. Thus, when the French people offered to wager a few thousand francs on their boy Mr. Bettinson concluded that he must be very good indeed.

IT MADE THEM LAUGH.

As the Welsh people who supported Wilde had been asking for a money match for their man, who had not yet been given an opportunity of showing his paces at headquarters, Peggy thought it would be a good match for the Welshman and Husson to meet.

Husson was a good-looking boy when he entered the ring, but not quite so handsome when he was carried out about twenty minutes later. It was not only the appearance of Wilde with his spidery frame that astonished the members, it was the imperturbable way in which he set about slaughtering his rival, all the time wearing a cherubic expression on his small face.

He scored with such ease on the youngster from across the Channel that it was, in its way, ludicrous. It struck the members present as being so funny that they just could not stop laughing. The laughter was infectious, and soon the whole club was in an uproar of merriment.

Not once, but several times, Mr. Bettinson had to address the members. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is a serious contest. Please remember that these lads have quite a lot at stake and it is not meant to be funny."

I felt very sorry for the French boy that night. He was a good little boxer, with a clean style, but he could not put a glove on Wilde, and he could not avoid the smashing blows that came from every angle. It was plain slaughter, and might quite well have been stopped before Husson was knocked out in the sixth round.

No doubt it would have been stopped very early but for the fact that it was a money match. Wilde's extraordinary ability, coupled with his skeleton-like appearance, certainly impressed all who saw him, and the French party who had thought that their representative had such a great chance were also impressed; but it was a long time before they recovered from the shock.

GORY GLORIA.

A few months later they tried to get their revenge by fetching over a tougher piece of fighting material in a bantam-weight named Gloria. In meeting Gloria, Wilde was conceding nearly two stone, but it was all the same to him.

He treated Gloria in much



the same manner, and the Frenchman was very nearly a corpse when the contest was stopped in the ninth round. Poor Gloria! His face was like a lump of raw beefsteak and his body bore eloquent testimony to Wilde's tremendous hitting power.

In Wales, this walking skeleton was known as the Tylorstown Terror, and to anyone unacquainted with the power behind his bony fists the sight of his cherubic face would have made the appellation "Terror" sound absurd.

We were soon to be made to realise that nobody within a stone of his weight would be ever likely to beat him, and, of course, he never was beaten at his own weight. His three defeats throughout his career were solely due to the fact that he should never have taken on the contests.

When he was beaten by Tancy Lee, the best fly-weight, and it might almost be said the best boxer, at any weight, Scotland over produced, Wilde should never have taken the ring, as he was in no condition to fight. He was in the throes of an illness which required a long rest from the ring.

FOR THE PRINCE.

Then in the evening of his career he made that ill-advised match with Pete Herman, former holder of the world's bantam-weight title and a feather-weight at the time he faced Wilde.

I shall probably deal with this fight in greater detail further on, but for the moment it is sufficient to say that Wilde really sacrificed himself that night, as he would not have fought Herman under such a terrific weight handicap had it not been for the fact that the Prince of Wales asked him to box in order to save a very ugly situation.

This was a request Jimmy could not refuse, and thus we had the saddest spectacle of all in seeing him battered into helplessness by a champion who was about two stone heavier.

Then there was the final defeat that wrote finis to a great ring career. This was another of the three contests that should never have taken place.

After his defeat by Herman, Wilde realised that he had passed his best. He had accumulated a tidy fortune, thanks largely to the best friend he had in life, namely, Teddy Lewis, his white-haired manager, who was in every sense his friend, philosopher and guide. Lewis and Wilde stand out in my mind as a great combination of manager and boxer, in much the same way as the partnership of Descamps and Carpentier was unique.

In view of the numerous instances of rascally managers robbing the boxers they were supposed to protect from the rapacity of promoters, it is refreshing to be able to record such grand exceptions as Lewis and Wilde, and Descamps and Carpentier.

Old Teddy Lewis had a heart-to-heart talk with his beloved Jimmy, and as a result Wilde resolved to hang up his gloves for ever. A wise decision. It was not to be kept, however, more's the pity.

Wilde had enjoyed two years of retirement when he began to receive enticing offers from American promoters to defend his world's fly-weight title in the United States.

THE MONEY BAIT.

The offers were promptly turned down, and as they were refused, so the bids increased in value. At this time all the world titles in every weight division, except the fly-weight title, were held by American boxers, and there was a burning desire to be able to say that America held the lot.

Wilde's old manager wrote and stated that it was not a question of money. Jimmy had definitely retired and would not again enter the ring in a serious contest for any money. He had stated it all so plainly that he thought this would end the matter.

To the American promoters it was interpreted as a clever way to hit up the price, and back came the offer of £13,000 and all expenses for Wilde's own end of the purse, if he would defend his title.

I was present when the pair came to London to discuss this tremendous offer in the National Sporting Club, and can tell you that it was the only time they ever failed to agree. It was a long argument, for Lewis was as patient a counsellor as any I knew. He had a soul above money, and he tried all he knew to persuade Jimmy to stay in retirement.

Wilde no doubt felt that his old friend was right, but he could not bring it upon himself to refuse such a large sum of money. "Think of that money going begging—Thirteen Thousand Pounds!" he said, and repeated it over and over again, much as Long John Silver's parrot with his "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

Wilde at last decided that he would accept the offer and go to America. It was a sad blow for dear old Teddy Lewis. He made the nearest approach I ever saw him make to a verbal explosion, and replied, "Well, you may go, but you will go by yourself. I will certainly not go to see you cut to ribbons." And he did not go.

The Man With Two Beards

By G. K. CHESTERTON

NEXT day, Devine found Father Brown moving to and fro in front of the row of beehives, sadly, but with a certain serenity.

"He would like the bees looked after," he said.

"You were quite right," Devine answered, "when you said that John Bankes was gone with the jewellery; but I don't know how you knew, or even what there was to know."

Father Brown looked benevolently at the beehives and said: "One sort of stumbles on

things, and there was one stumbling-block at the start. I was puzzled by poor Barnard being shot at Beechwood House. Now, even when Michael Moonshine was a master criminal, he made it a point of honour, even of vanity, to succeed without any killing. It seemed extraordinary when he had become a penitent, he should go out of his way to commit the sin he had despised when he was a sinner.

"The rest of the business puzzled me to the last; I could make nothing of it, except it was not true. Then I had a belated gleam of sense when I saw the beard and goggles, and remembered that the thief had come in a second beard, with other goggles. Now, of course, it was just possible that he had duplicates; but it was at least a coincidence that he used neither the old beard nor the old glasses—both in good repair.

"Again, it was just possible that he went out without them, and had to procure new ones; but it was unlikely. There was nothing to make him go motoring with John Bankes at all; if he was really going burgling he could have taken his outfit easily in his pocket. Besides, beards don't grow on bushes. He would have found it hard to get such things anywhere in the time.

"No, the more I thought of it, the more I felt there was something funny in his having a complete new outfit. And then the truth began to dawn on me by reason which I already knew by instinct. He never did put on the disguise. Somebody else manufactured the disguise at leisure, and then put it on him."

"Put it on him!" repeated Devine. "How the devil could they?"

"Let us go back," said Father Brown, "and look at the thing through another window—the window through which the young lady saw the ghost."

"The ghost!" repeated the other, with a slight start.

"She called it the ghost," said the little man, with composure, "and perhaps she was not so far wrong. It's quite true that she is what they call psychic. Her only mistake is in thinking that being psychic is being spiritual. Some animals are psychic; anyhow, she is sensitive, and she was right when she felt that the face at the window had a sort of horrible halo of deathly things."

"You mean—" began Devine.

"I mean it was a dead man who looked in at the window," said Father Brown. "It was a dead man who crawled round the house, looking in at more than one window."

He blinked at the beehive, and continued:

"But, I suppose, the shortest explanation is to take it from the standpoint of the man who did it. You know the man: John Bankes."

"The very last man I should have thought of," said Devine.

"The very first man I thought of," said Father Brown, "in so far as I had any right to think of anybody. But there is one type that tends at times to be more utterly godless than

any other—and he is the rather brutal sort of business man. He has no social ideal, let alone religion; he has neither the gentleman's traditions nor the trade unionist's loyalty. All his boasts about getting good bargains were practically boasts of having cheated people. There's no doubt he was the villain of the piece. It was really a new and unique motive for murder.

"It was the motive of using

lean the familiar face against windows, and take it away. You will notice that Moonshine ostensibly appeared and vanished while Bankes was ostensibly out of the room looking for the emerald necklace.

"Finally, he had only to tumble the corpse on the lawn, fire a shot from each pistol, and there he was. It might never have been found out but for the guess about the two beards."

"But why had your friend

MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "past" and "future") are mixed in phrase (b).

(a) CANE MET JAB.

(b) ANY INSECT.

(Answers on Page 3.)

hiding," explained Father Brown, "and he was not hiding. He was not hiding from God; he was not hiding from himself. He was in the broad daylight. If they had taken him back to prison, he'd still have been quite happy. For he was not white-washed; he was washed white."

"There was something very strange about him; almost as strange as the grotesque dance of death through which he was dragged after he was dead. When he moved to and fro smiling among these beehives, even then, in a most radiant and shining sense, he was dead. He was out of the judgment of this world."

There was a short pause, and then Devine shrugged his shoulders and said: "It all comes back to bees and wasps looking very much alike, doesn't it?"

END

From "The Secret of Father Brown."

(By permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton.)

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Like the shoulder-straps? Well, they're holding up the flimsies which cover the elegant form of America's No. 1 pin-up girl. Guess who. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 178: Sonja Henie.

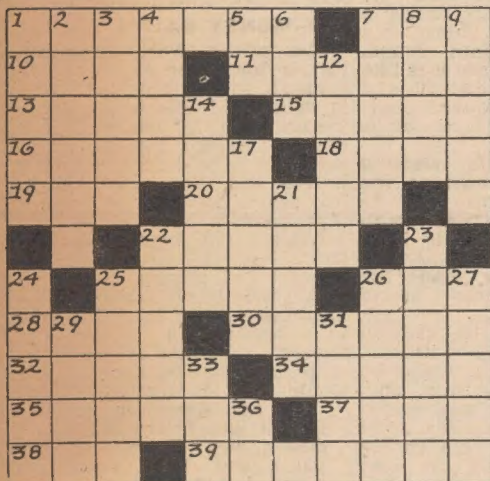
ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

My first is in BLOSSOM, not in WEED.
My second's in FLOWER, not in SEED.
My third is in ROSEBUD, not in BLOOM.
My fourth is in HEATHER, not in BROOM.
My fifth is in THYME, but not in AZALEA.
My sixth is in SPEEDWELL, not in DAHLIA.
My seventh's in COWSLIPS and in PHLOX.
My next is in HOLLY, not in HOCKS.
My ninth is in CANDYTUFF, not in STOCKS.

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Servile.
- 7 Stupid one.
- 10 Payment for use.
- 11 Proscribe.
- 13 Bitterly pungent.
- 15 Bag.
- 16 Cottage.
- 18 Facial member.
- 19 Piano lever.
- 20 Small bird.
- 22 Meant to amuse.
- 25 Glossy fabric.
- 26 Head covering.
- 28 Imitated.
- 30 Discuss.
- 32 Meal reminders.
- 34 Burn surface.
- 35 Throw from horse.
- 37 Stubborn.
- 38 Watch.
- 39 Members of family.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Rough hut.
- 2 Flowerless plant.
- 3 Dress.
- 4 Face protection.
- 5 Thus.
- 6 Wheel centre.
- 7 Mete.
- 8 Sinks unevenly.
- 9 Amiable.
- 12 Sleeved garment.
- 14 Store.
- 17 Apprehensive.
- 21 Language.
- 22 Sponge.
- 23 It's used for fiddle strings.
- 24 Ill-defined.
- 25 Ability to perceive.
- 26 Musical round.
- 27 Barons.
- 29 Small beast of burden.
- 31 Await.
- 33 Undermine.
- 36 Thanks.

OF SONNET D
ARRIVE LUTE
SEAMER DRIP
TENOR PENCE
Z NATURE N
SET LOT RED
A UNLOAD X
VENUS TOPIC
AVID FINALE
TANG AWOKE
E GENDER SE

WANGLING WORDS—135

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after EPSA, to make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of NOT THEIR PUP, SIR, to make a Sussex town.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: ROSE into LEAF, SOCK into HOLE, BLUE into BELL, SPIT into FIRE.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ESCALATOR?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 134

- 1.—ALgebraicAL.
- 2.—COULSDON.
- 3.—WATER, WAYER, WAVES, EAVES, ELVES, HOOK, HONK, HONE, LONE, LINE, GIRL, GIRD, BIRD, BARD, BARS, BAYS, BOYS, BODY, BODE, CODE, CORE, CORD, FORD, FOOD, FOOL, FOUL, SOUL.
- 4.—Mote, Tome, Gore, Meet, Teem, Troy, More, Tore, Rote, Yore, Tory, Tyro, Gory, Grey, Grot, etc. Greet, Meter, Metre, Metro, etc.

ODD CORNER

DICK WHITTINGTON'S cat was no animal, according to historians. It may have been a ship of Norwegian type, with narrow stern and deep waist, used in the coal-carrying trade, and known as a "cat." It was certainly in these cats that Whittington's coal was brought from Newcastle to London.

Another story is that Dick Whittington made his fortune by careful buying. The French for "bargain" is "achat," and this may have been translated into "a cat" in error.

Another cat fable concerns catgut, which has

nothing whatever to do with cats. It is made from the intestines of the horse, sheep or ox. A small fiddle used to be called a "kit," and so the word "catgut" was originally "kitgut"—the gut strings used on a kit.

An aitch-bone of beef has nothing to do with the letter "H." The old French word for the rump was "nache," and an aitch-bone should really be "nache-bone," or rump-bone.

Do you know why the men of Wiltshire are called "Moonrakers"? Long ago, when smuggling was one of our major industries, some Wiltshire men ran a cargo ashore and sank the kegs of rum in a pond. Some Excise men came along just as the villagers were rescuing the rum with the help of hay-rakes. Asked what they were doing, the men pointed to the reflection of the moon in the pond and said, "We be trying to rake out that great old cheese." Hence their traditional nickname—Moonrakers.

Patients suffering from certain complaints, such as insomnia, are sometimes treated with "picked" ultrasonic waves. They are asked to talk in front of a set of sensitive gas-flames, one of which will leap up in response to a particular tone in their voice. The vibrations carrying the tone are then noted, and ultrasonic waves are produced at several octaves above this. The patient benefits from them, although they are too high to trouble his conscious hearing.

QUIZ for today

1. A persimmon is a cloak, flower, carriage, dog, apple, American drink?
2. Who wrote (a) "Madame Bovary," (b) "Madame Butterfly"?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Thames, Trent, Test, Tay, Tyne, Tamar, Tees?
4. For what names do W. S. Gilbert's initials stand for?
5. Who said, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?
6. What is the meaning of *semper idem*?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Camisole, Camisards, Candelabrum, Catacomb, Catelepsy?
8. What is the highest mountain in Australia?
9. Who was Lady Bountiful?
10. Correct: "The weary ploughman homeward plods his way." Who wrote it, and where?
11. Magna Carta was signed in 1015, 1115, 1215, 1315, 1415?
12. Complete the common phrases: (a) Wine, —, and —; (b) Friends, —, and —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 178

1. Plant.
2. (a) Tennyson, (b) Bulwer Lytton.
3. Tauber is a singer; the others are instrumentalists.
4. 60 m.p.h.
5. Julia C. Carney.
6. 100 miles.
7. Believe, Encomium.
8. 404 feet.
9. Character in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Henry IV."
10. "Now that April's there." Browning.
11. 1827.
12. (a) Fat and forty; (b) Equality, Fraternity.

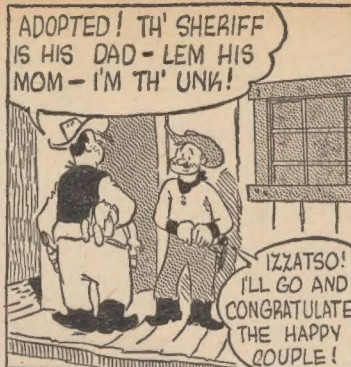
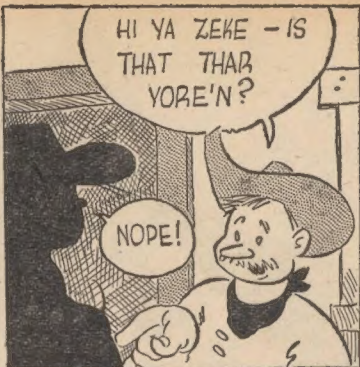
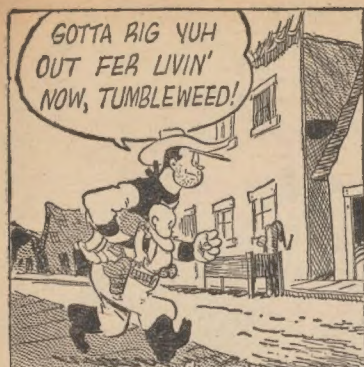
Solution to Figure This Out in No. 178.

Snooper 16, Shorty 37, and Pincher 10 to start with; and 20 to finish with.

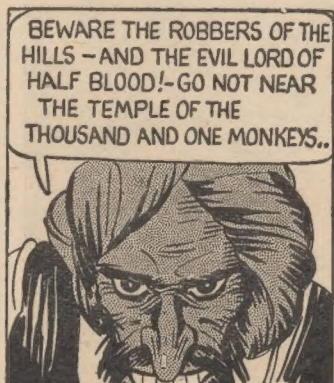
JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



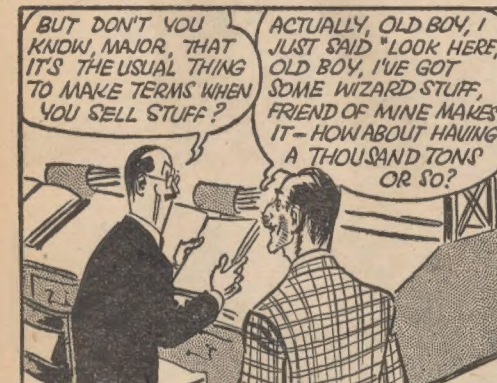
BELINDA



POPEYE



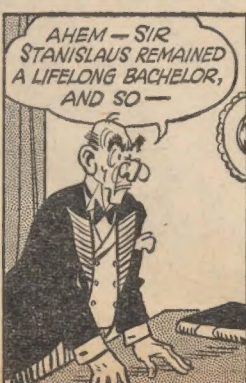
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



News from Nowhere

By ODO DREW

A GALLANT PARTISAN.

NEWS has just reached this country of an incident of the partisan warfare in the Northern Balkans which has whipped up the fury of the patriots to a new height of frenzy. It appears that a Nazi detachment, escorting the local Gauleiter, Gessler, made a search of the village through which they were passing, and discovered a number of partisans in hiding.

Amongst them was a certain William Tell, a famous marksman, and his ten-year-old son. The brutal Gessler, promising his ruffians some sport, ordered Tell to be brought before him.

"I am told," he said, "that you are a deadly shot, who never misses his mark. Well, you can prove it here and now. Shoot an apple from the head of your son at fifty paces and I will spare your life."

The gallant Tell at first refused; but Gessler informed him that if he would not risk the shot, then both his life and that of his boy would be forfeit.

The boy was led away, and stood, fifty paces distant, with his little arms folded and a little apple on his little curly head.

"Shoot, pop," he cried, smiling at his father. Tell asked for a couple of cartridges, and, taking careful aim, fired. The apple flew from the little boy's head, and the little boy flew to his father's arms.

"A good shot, in very sooth," said Gessler, "but why did you ask for two cartridges?"

"Because," answered Tell, "if I had hit the boy the second bullet would have hit you."

In spite of the Gauleiter's promise, both Tell and his son were shot immediately.

ZOO SNAKE PIT.

A NEW curator has been appointed to the Snake Pit at the Zoo, favourite rendezvous of sailors on leave. Appropriately enough, the new official is a sailor, Commander Jinnan Bittus, R.N. (Retd.).

He has held high appointments in the A.T.C., the W.A.A.F., the Wrens, the N.F.S., the Police, the W.V.S., as well as in greyhound-racing and the variety and cinema world.

He is, obviously, well qualified for his new and responsible position.

NAZI MINISTRY OF FOOD.

THE appointment of Dr. Hans Faulfresser as chief of the Ersatz Division of the German Ministry of Food is regarded as highly significant in view of the need to utilise all possible sources of food supply in the Reich.

When it is remembered that Dr. Faulfresser is the greatest expert in Germany on Coprology and Scatology, it seems not unlikely that the food situation is much more serious than has hitherto been believed.

"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

WE have received from the publishers a new novel by a Mr. John Bunyan, an author who has, apparently, a number of books already to his credit. "Pilgrim's Progress" is, however, his first full-length novel. It tells the life story of Mr. Christian, and is packed with incident. There are many exciting adventures before the hero reaches the end of his journey—in particular, the fight with Apollyon is extremely well done.

Many of the scenes are laid in the author's home county—Bedfordshire; and one can recognise the Slough of Despond as being the marshy valley to the north of Dunstable, whilst the Defeatable Mountains are, obviously, the Chiltern Hills.

Mr. Bunyan has had a varied career. After some years of soldiering, he became a tinker at Elstow, near Bedford. He is now a Nonconformist minister. He has been in trouble with the authorities on more than one occasion chiefly owing to his refusal to obey certain religious ordinances, and spent twelve years in Bedford Gaol for these offences.

We shall look forward with great interest to his next novel.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.

- (a) MEAN & ABJECT.
(b) NICE & NASTY.

Solution to Allied Ports.
SOUTHWOLD.Laugh with
Shaun MacAlister

"Jimmy, I wish you'd learn better table manners. You're a regular little pig at the table."

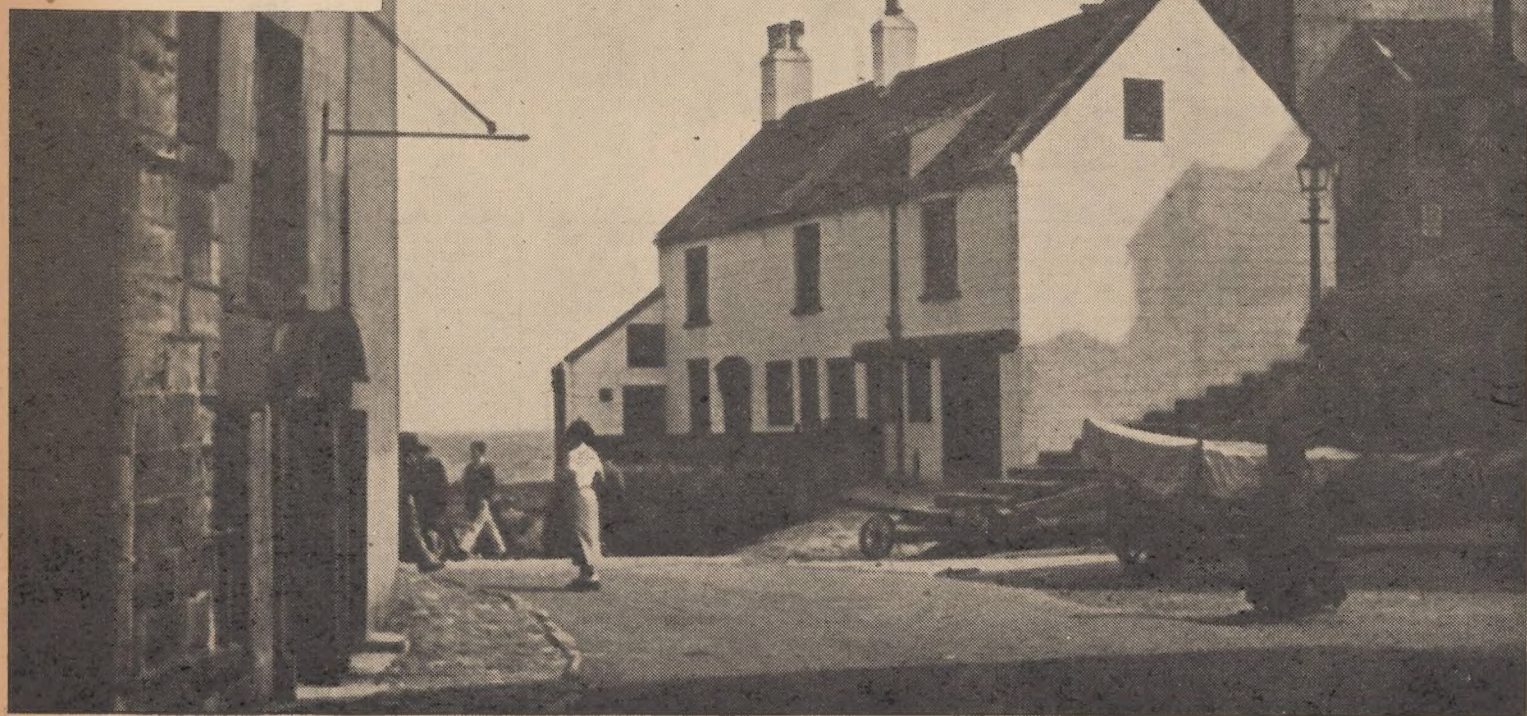
Deep silence on Jimmy's part. So father, in order to impress him more, added, "I say, Jim, do you know what a pig is?"

"Yes, Dad," replied Jimmy meekly, "it's a hog's little boy."

A tramp knocked at the "George and Dragon." "Could you spare a bite?" he asked. "No," snapped the landlady, slamming the door in his face. Presently the tramp knocked again. "Could I have a few words with George?" he said.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



This England

The fishing town of Robin Hood's Bay near Scarborough.

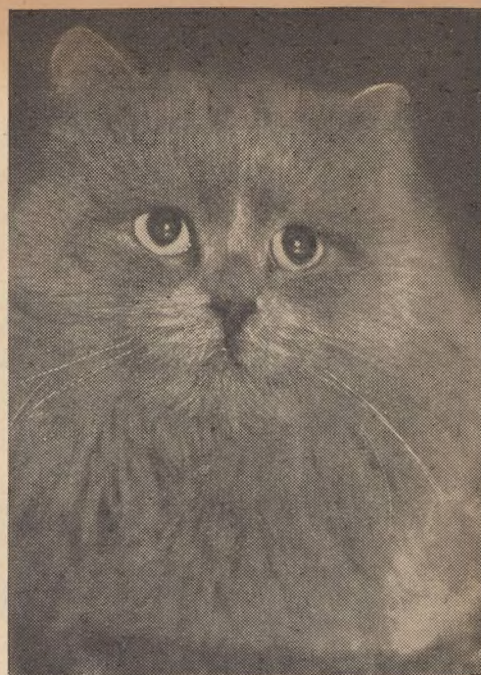
UNDRESS UNIFORM



"If he doesn't turn up, I'm going to dress. I've tried to look as though he had caught me napping — instead, I'm going to be caught by a fine packet of influenza."

WHO'LL PLAY WHEEL- BARROW?

Just as if Warner star Brenda Marshall would even need to ask.



"I'm sorry I look so small to you, because, believe it or not, I'm one of the loveliest Persians ever."



The laughing jackass tells "a new one" to his friend the sloth. We despise a fellow who laughs at his own jokes.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Hope it's a spicy one."

